

INSTANT
QUAKER[®] OATMEAL

PRESENTS

THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY!



POPEYE THE
vs. QUAKER MAN
BLUTO THE BAD!

IN THIS CORNER,
WEIGHING 158 POUNDS, IS
POPEYE THE QUAKER MAN!



HISSSSS!

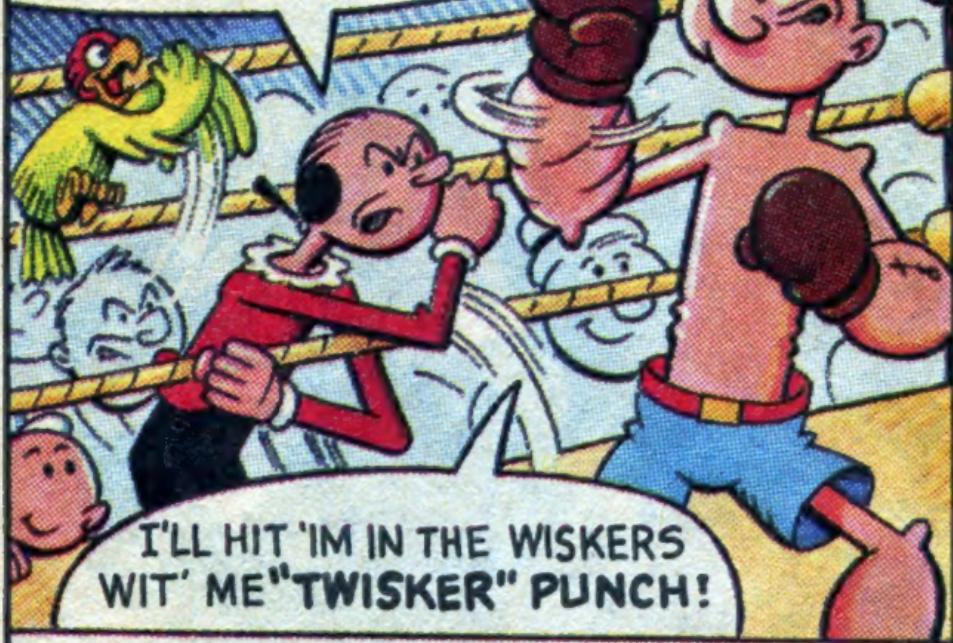
BOO!

BLUTO THE BAD

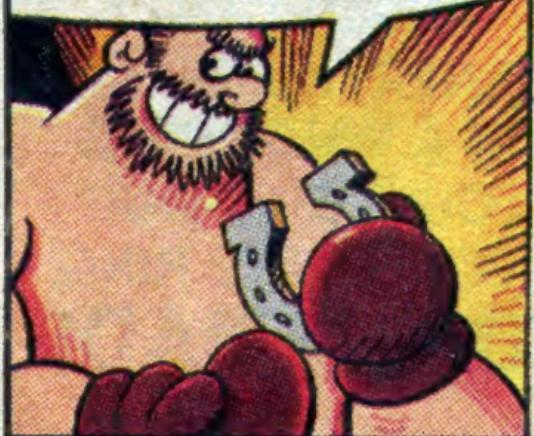


AND IN THIS
CORNER, WEIGHING
IN AT A WHOPPING
375 POUNDS, IS THAT
ROUGHNECK OF THE RING,
BLUTO THE BAD!

GO OUT THERE
AND **POP** HIM ONE,
POPEYE!



HAH!
THIS HORSESHOE IN MY
GLOVE WILL **FLATTEN**
THAT SAP OF A SAILOR.

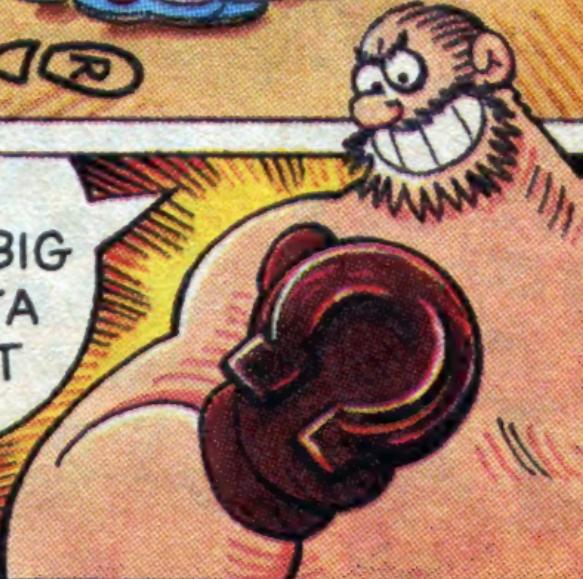


DING!

POPEYE IS
SHOWING GREAT
FOOTWORK, BUT
BLUTO IS MOVING
IN FOR THE KILL!



HEH, HEH!
HE'LL GET A BIG
KICK OUTTA
THIS NEXT
PUNCH!



AWK!

SOCKO!

WHAT A
PUNCH!
POPEYE'S OUT
LIKE A LIGHT!

DING!

SAVED BY THE BELL!

BLOW ME
DOWN!
HIS PUNCH
PACKS A LOT OF
HORSEPOWER!

WANT YOUR
SPINACH,
POPEYE?

CAN THE
SPINACH!
I WANTS ME
INSTANT
QUAKER OATMEAL!

POPEYE WINDS UP HIS ARM
TO GOBBLE UP
HIS OATMEAL...



ROUND 2

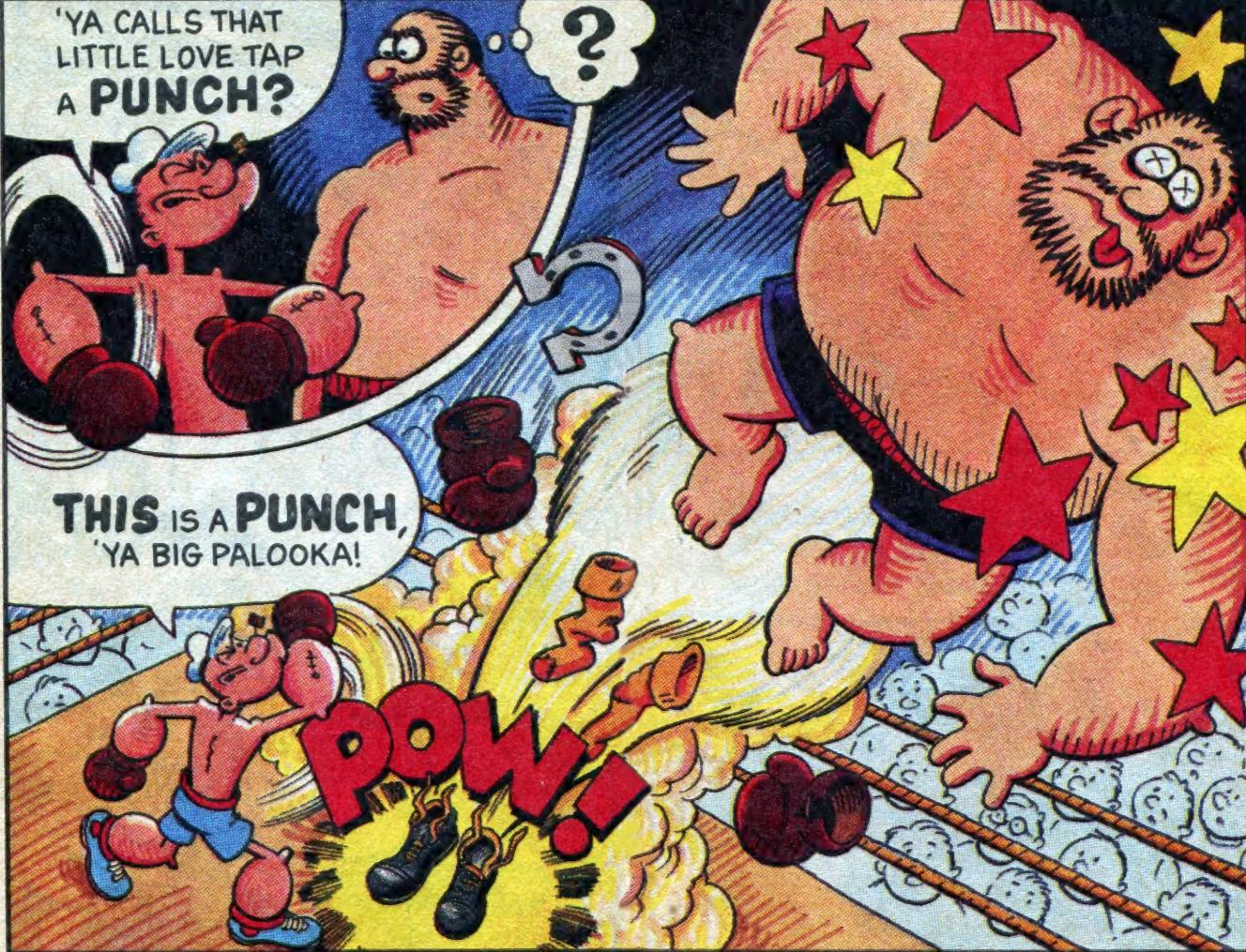
DING!

CLANG!

BLUTO TRIES
THE SAME PUNCH,
BUT POPEYE HAS A
**CHIN OF
STEEL!**



'YA CALLS THAT
LITTLE LOVE TAP
A PUNCH?



THIS IS A PUNCH,
'YA BIG PALOOKA!

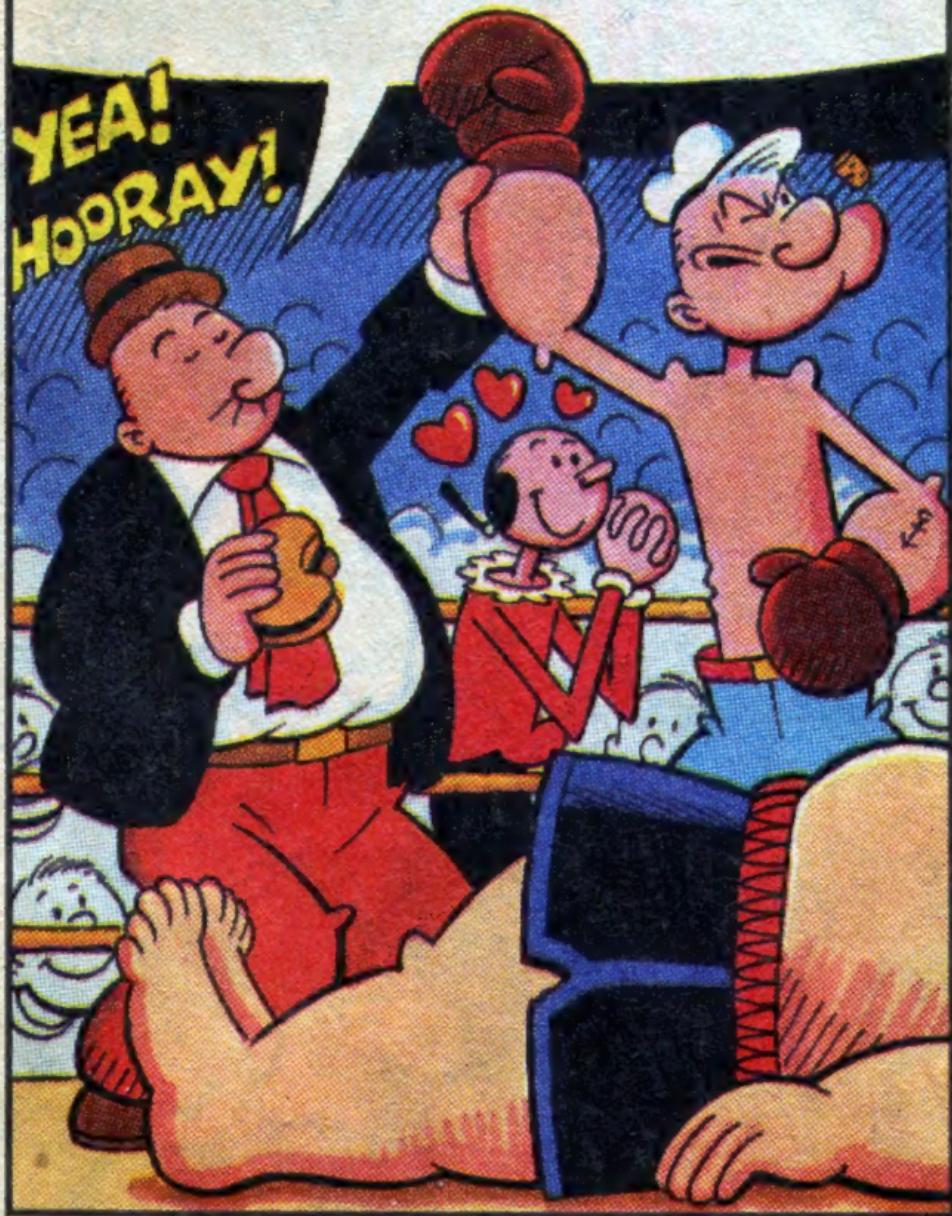


LOOK! MR. BLUTO
WASN'T FIGHTING
FAIR.

1
BOINK!

LOOKS LIKE HIS HORSE SHOE
WARN'T SO **LUCKY** FOR
BLUTO. YUK! YUK! YUK!

THE WINNER AND STILL CHAMPION... POPEYE THE QUAKER MAN!

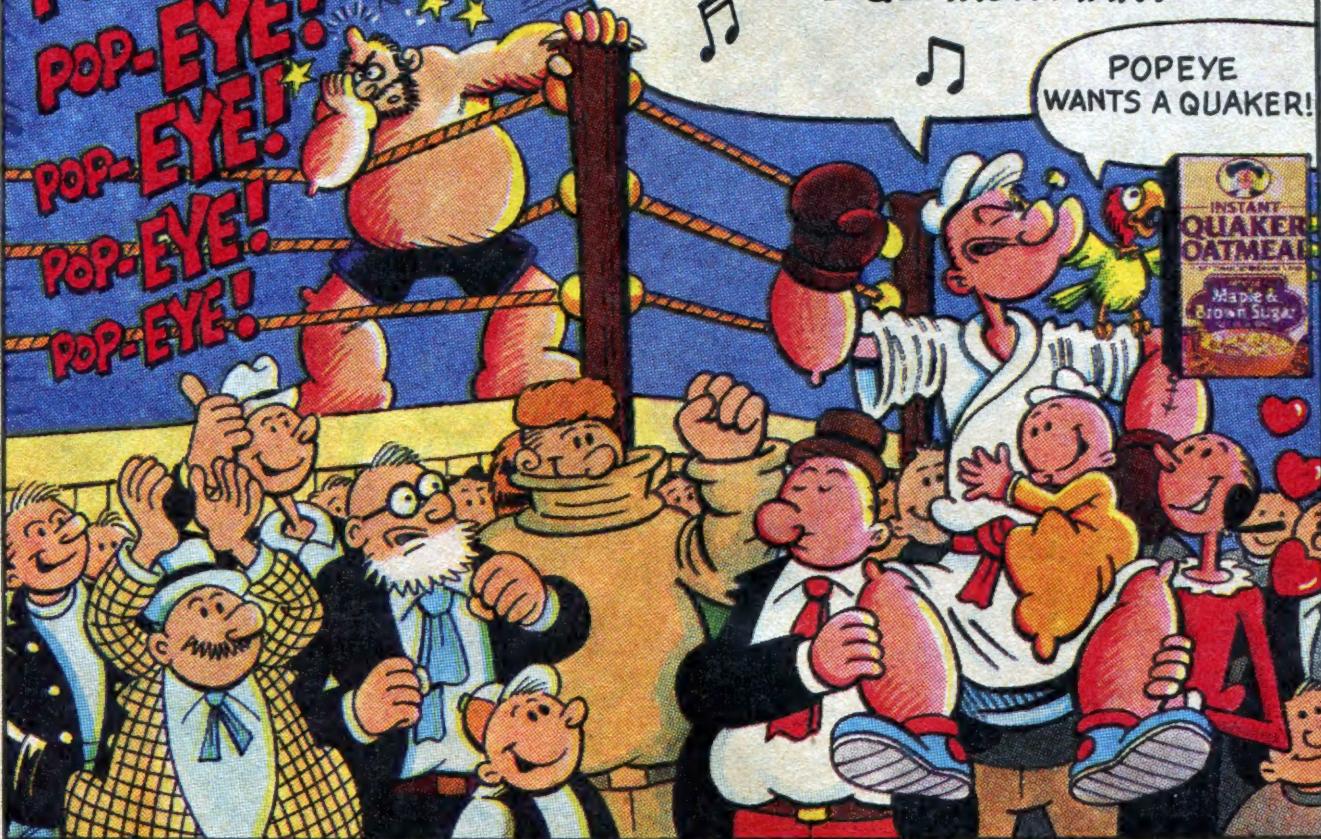


POP-EYE!
POP-EYE!
POP-EYE!
POP-EYE!
POP-EYE!

I EATS ME OATMEAL,
AN' I'M STRONGER THAN STEEL.

I'M POPEYE
THE QUAKER MAN!

POPEYE
WANTS A QUAKER!



AHOY, KIDS! JOIN ME CREW CLUB AND JOIN THE FUN!

EVERY NEW
RECRUIT GETS
AN **OFFICIAL**
MEMBERSHIP
CERTIFICATE TO THE **POPEYE**
CREW CLUB AND LOTS MORE **FUN**
POPEYE STUFF!



SKIN STICKERS



PAPER HAT



**GROWTH
CHART**



SHOE LACES

SEE TOP PANEL ON BOXES OF INSTANT
QUAKER OATMEAL FOR ALL THE DETAILS.

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